

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Farewell to the Old Year.

Farewell, old year, we walk no more together,
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,
And crowned with yellow brake and
withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy
sky.
Here, in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in
tears;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought these saddest born of all the
years.
I knew not then when precious gifts were
hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path
from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come
unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely
bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plashing of icy rain,
And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine
again.

O, dear old year, I wronged a Father's
kindness,
I would not trust Him with my load of
care;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo, He blessed me with an answered
prayer.

Good-bye, kind year, we walk no more to-
gether,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and
heather
I take some sprays and wear them on my
heart.

—Sunday Magazine.

Her Sister's Secret.

I had vowed never to enter the
Dormers' house again, but when they
sent word that Maisie was dying,
I went there as fast as a hansom
would carry me. We had always
been such friends, the child and I.
She was propped up in bed, with
pillows, and her pretty face was
pale and drawn, but she smiled
when she saw me. I took her
wasted hand in mine and kissed
her cheek.
"I was sure you would come,"
she said, in a faint, pleased voice.
"Of course," I answered; "of
course, my child." She was only
14.

"There is no quarrel between
you and me." We had remained
good friends when the rest of the
family cut me dead.

"We never have quarreled," she
said, holding my hand tightly.
"There is not much time to
quarrel now. You won't, will you,
Fred?" I shook my head. A
lump in my throat kept me from
speaking. "Promise me before I tell
you—something."

"My poor little Maisie!" I cried
brokenly. "I promise." She had
been a pet of mine from the days
when she was a toddling baby and
I a big, awkward boy.

"It is very secret," she stated in
a low far-off voice. My dear, it is
only for Fred." Her mother shook
up the pillows and left us alone,
but Maisie seemed unable to make
up her mind to speak.

"You know I would do anything
for you, little girl," I said soothingly.
Her eyes brightened, and she nod-
ded, but the smile died gradually
away.

"Turn me over a little," she en-
treated, "and pull the corner of the
pillow over my face. I can't tell
you if you look at me." So I turned
her very gently, but she still said
nothing.

"Well, May?" I asked.
"You used to be fond of me?"
"I am fond of you. I shall
never have any one to replace
you, dear."

"Suppose I have done something
dreadful—something that hurt
you?"
"I should know that you could
not help it."

"Something mean?" Her voice
almost broke.

"You couldn't."

"Ah, but suppose I had?"

"Then," I said firmly, "I should
know it was just a slip, like we all
make—like I make sometimes. I
should not blame you, little one." I
stroked her long, silky hair, and
thought how I should miss her. I
had never fully realized before how
very fond I was of my fanciful little
friend.

"Will you promise to forgive
me, dear Fred?" she asked plead-
ingly.

"If there is anything to forgive."

"There is."

"Then, whatever it is, I forgive
you. So you need not tell me now."

"I must," she said resolutely.

"It is about you and Lucy—when

you quarreled." She stopped
abruptly.

"Yes?" Lucy was her elder sister.
We had been engaged.

"You wrote her an explanation
—a satisfactory explanation."

"Apparently she did not think
so. She never answered the letter
that I gave you to deliver."

"She never had it," said Maisie,
with a sob.

"Maisie!"

"I—I kept it." She buried her
face in the pillow. I was too
astonished for words, but I kept
stroking her hair. "I read it first.
Then I burned it."

"But—why?"

"Because I was a coward," she
sobbed—"because I—oh, Fred,
forgive me! Don't despise me
more than you can help." A light
flashed into my mind. I bent over
her and kissed her cheek.

"My little Maisie!" I said tender-
ly. "My poor, loving, little girl!
You cared so much as that for me!"

"I thought, perhaps, if you didn't
marry Lucy, and we were good
friends, and I grew up—oh, Fred,
I shan't grow up now!" I put my
arms round her and held her close
to me.

"If you get well, May," I said,
"and grow up, I shall like you better
than anybody." She laughed faintly.
"I believe I always did." I
whipped her eyes.

"I shan't," she said. "So—you
will like her again, now, won't
you?" I hesitated. My affection
for Lucy died a natural death. It
had never been very deep. Neither,
I fancied, had hers for me.

"Time will prove," I said slowly.
"I doubt if she—"

"She does," said Maisie.

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes."

I frowned. "You have not told
her about the letter?" She shook
her head. "Then I never will.
It is useless your asking me to do
so."

"I do not ask you to. I am not
brave enough." She buried her
face. "I want them to think well
of me," she cried piteously, "when
—when I—"

"Oh, Maisie, don't!" The tears
were in my eyes.

"But you will be good to her?"
You will make it up—won't you?
You need not tell her about me—
only say that you are sorry and
want to be friends. Then you
can be engaged again, and—and
—some day!" Her lips quivered.

"Marry her?" She nodded.

"But if I no longer care for her?
If I know that I can never love her
as I could love? My dear little
playfellow and friend, I am not half
so fond of Lucy as I am of you."

"Ah!" She looked at me with
big, deep eyes. "I am only a child.
There are different kinds of fond-
ness, dear Fred." The wistful affec-
tion in the child's face touched me
to the heart, and I kissed her frail
hands.

"Get better, little one, and see,"
I said brokenly. Then we sat in
silence for a long time, holding
hands. "I am getting sleepy, Fred,"
she murmured. "Kiss me." I kissed
her several times, and she went
smilingly to sleep, with her cheek
against my arm and her hand in my
hand. Mrs. Dormer came in, but I
sat motionless for an hour, till the
child's grasp relaxed, and I could
draw myself away without waking
her.

"I shall come to-morrow morn-
ing," I whispered. Her mother
nodded constrainedly, and I went
out on tiptoe. Lucy met me at the
bottom of the stairs.

"I have something to tell you,"
she said. "If you will spare me a
minute." I bowed and followed
her into the empty dining room.

She sank into an armchair by the
fireside, and I stood by the mantel-
piece, looking down upon her. It
seemed strange to be so near to her
and so indifferent to the fact. For
one thing was clear to me: that if
I had ever really loved Lucy
Dormer, I loved her no longer. We
were quite unsuited to one another,
and if I married her it would merely
be a useless sacrifice of two lives.

"I treated you badly," she said
abruptly. I raised my eyebrows.
After Maisie's confession there
seemed no reason for the admission.

"There were things," I said,
"that needed explanation."

"Some things are beyond explana-
tion."

"Perhaps they are better left so,"
"One can ask forgiveness."

There was a faint note of entreaty
in her voice. I fidgeted impatiently
with a little ornament on the man-
telshelf. If I asked for forgiveness
she would give more.

"If one desires forgiveness," I
said, at length. It sounded brutal,
but it might avoid worse things.

"Oh!" she cried, "I do."

"You!" I said with astonishment.
"You! What have I to forgive
you?" She toyed with her hand-
kerchief.

"I thought Maisie would tell you.
The child was always so fond of
you." So she knew.

"Maisie has told me," I said grave-
ly. Lucy, it is right to be frank. I
have discovered that my little play-
fellow, child as she is, has the best
love that I can ever give to any one.
She looked at me in sur-
prise. Then she laughed scornful-
ly.

"I see," she said. "You want
an excuse. You might invent one
without taking my poor little sister's
name in vain."

"It is no excuse," I said firmly.
We looked at one another for a
minute in silence.

"Then," she said, "I did not hurt
you. I am glad." She stamped
her foot passionately. "No, no, I
am not. I am sorry—sorry, do you
hear?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"There is no more to say?" I sug-
gested.

"No more to say," she echoed
faintly. I walked to the door.

"Fred!" she cried abruptly. "I
must say it. Listen to me if you
will not forgive."

"Forgive!" I asked. "What
have I to forgive?" She looked at
me in apparent bewilderment.

"Do you not know that I never
told her about the letter?"

"That I let all the blame rest on you?"
My letter!" I cried. "My
letter!"

"The letter you sent to Maisie?"
She gave it to you?"

"Of course she gave it to me," said
Lucy, opening her eyes wide. Why
not?"

I ought to have known. My
brave little girl!

"Maisie told me that she never
gave you the letter, Lucy; that all
the blame was hers." I walked to
the window and looked out in si-
lence broken by Lucy's sobs.

"She told you—that—just to—
screen me," she said brokenly.

"Yes." I could not say more for
the moment. Presently I walked
back to the fire. "God bless her!"

I said softly. "Let us say no
more about it, Lucy, and be friends
for her sake."

Lucy wiped her eyes and looked
into the fire. Then she spoke with
her eyes averted from me.

"When we quarreled, it was only
what I had for some time intended."

"Your reason?" I asked,
mechanically. I did not really
care.

"Some one else was a better
match. I—I did not like him so
well." I bowed. It was immat-
erial. "I knew that my people
would disapprove of my breaking
our engagement for this reason.
They were fond of you."

"I was fond of them." Their
behavior had hurt and surprised me.
In the letter I had particularly
asked Lucy to show them my expla-
nation, whether she accepted it or
not.

"Consequently I was glad, or
thought I was, when I heard some-
thing about you which gave me an
excuse to quarrel."

"It was false, as I told you in
the letter."

"As you told me in the letter.
Therefore I did not answer her
letter or tell my parents, but let
the blame rest on you." She
shivered.

"Do not trouble about it any
more," I said, not unkindly.

"The bitterness is over now."

"Yes," she said, "it is over. I
refused him after all. You do not
ask me why. Perhaps you do not
wish to know?"

I shook my head.

"I do not wish to know." She
nodded to the fire. "But I forgive
you, Lucy." She nodded again.

There was nothing more to say,
since I could not say what she
wished. So I turned to go. But
there was a knock at the front door
and I heard some one say, "The

doctor." So I waited to hear what
he pronounced.

After a few minutes he came
down the stairs taking to Mrs. Dor-
mer.

"It is a natural sleep," he said.
"The pulse is stegier and the tem-
perature more normal. The odds
are still against her, but there is
hope."

The tears came to my eyes at last,
and Lucy came and put her hand on
my shoulder.

"You can win her back to life,
Fred," she said, "our little girl.
Stay till she wakes." I had already
resolved to stay.

I went upstairs and sat with my
elbow on her bed and my face on
my hand, watching my favorite.
Presently her mother came and
knelt beside me.

"Lucy has told me all Fred,"
she whispered. "You—you will
not tell the others."

"I will not," I promised.

When my little girl awoke she
was not looking toward me.

"Better, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, yes," she laughed feebly.

"It must be Fred. Do you know,
I believe he would make me grow
well if he were often here with me."

"He will be, little sweetheart,"
I said softly. She turned to me
with a happy eye and I whispered
in her ear what I knew, and other
things that were only for her and
me. They were the things that won
her back to life, she says, when we
talk of such matters.

We do not talk of them very often,
for Maisie is young and shy and
still at school. But her people
understand and leave us alone
together, and now and then our
thoughts peep out. I remember
that they did so upon the night of
Lucy's wedding, for she married the
"better match," after all. Maisie
came to see me out, of course, and
helped me into my coat and tried
laughingly to shake me, and I put
my arm around her kissed her
several times, instead of the usual
once, and not quite in the usual
brotherly way.

"There will be another wedding
one day," I said. "Won't there,
little sweetheart?"

She buried her head on my
shoulder and whispered, "I hope
so."

Meanwhile people speak of me
as a confirmed bachelor, and
laugh when I tell them that I am
waiting for "Miss Right" to
grow.

But "Miss Right" is 16 now, and
done growing, and wears her hair
up and her dresses long and our
good nights are steadily growing
lengthier and less fraternal. Dear
little Maisie!—Chicago Herald.

Keith's.

Chris'tmas week and New Year
week will find at Keith's the strong-
est and most varied vaudeville bills
ever put on the stage. Mr. Keith
regizes that after the fever of
Christmas shopping is over the
people are eager for the best kind
of light entertainment, and he in-
variably makes a point of giving it
to them. On Christmas Eve will
begin one of the most notable en-
gagements that the "Continues"
has ever had. Mr. R. G. Knowles,
who has not been in this country
for ten years, has been persuaded
by Mr. Keith to play a brief engage-
ment in his theatres. Mr. Knowles
is generally acknowledged to be
the greatest nonologue comedian in
the world, and his fame in London
overshadows that of every other
man in his line. In his story of his
travels he is constantly working in
new and original matter, and has
never been known to fail in
arousing a laugh at every point.

Joseph Hart and Carrie Dellair
remain a second week, changing
their sketch to "Dr. Chaucer's
Visit": Tom, Hattie and Katherine
Narmwill appear in "Fast and the
Geni": Ralph Johnstone, the great-
est bicyclist on two continents, will
give a thrilling exhibition of his
skill; and Kittie Mitchell and a long
list of prime favorites will be in
the programme.

Autumn manoeuvres of the Ger-
man army will be attended this
year for the first time by a repre-
sentative of the French army.

FANWOOD.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

There were one hundred very
happy little people assembled in
the largest of the kindergarten
rooms on Wednesday afternoon to
enjoy the Christmas treat. It is
the greatest event of the whole year
to the wee folk. When they re-
turn to school in September, they
at once eagerly inquire in regards
to it, and are quite satisfied when
they are assured that the party will
not be omitted.

Busy little fingers worked all
the week, finishing the Christmas gifts
for friends at home and at school.

Dainty invitations in the shape
of holly wreaths were colored by
some of the older kindergarten girls
and one little maid delivered them
to different members of the school
family, whom the children like to
have present at their feast.

Wednesday morning the kinder-
garten room in the main building,
was transformed into a bower
of evergreens and holly wreaths.
A noble tree graced the center of
the room, decorated with colored
paper chains, lanterns and many
other pretty things made by little
fingers. It was a real kindergarten
tree as all its decorations were the
handwork of the children.

The wall slates were covered with
lovely Christmas pictures drawn in
colors by two pupils from the Art
department. The kindergarten
tables were arranged around the
tree prettily decorated with Japanese
napkins and flowers. They were
spread with the usual good things—
fruits, cakes, nuts and candies.

Each small gentleman led his
lady to a place at the table until
the room was filled with bright
faces, then all sat down with ap-
proving smiles to the attractive
tables. First came the busy pop-
ping of cap mottoes until every one
had donned a gay cap. After they
had all been admired the good
things on the tables were passed by
two small waitresses, Winnie Pineus
and Bessie Phillips assisted by the
kindergartners.

When full justice had been done
to the feast, who should walk in
but our old friend Santa Claus.
Some of the older children thought
they recognized Mr. Jones, in spite
of his scarlet fur-trimmed suit and
snowy beard and hair, but the
babies were quite overcome with
surprise and awe. They all greet-
ed him with shouts of delight, and
were eager to shake his hand.

Two wee brownies followed him
dragging a large bag of toys, while
Santa carried another pack on his
back. The children knew the
brownies at once, for they were two
of our smallest and dearest little
boys, dressed in complete brownie
costumes. They assisted Santa
Claus in distributing toys and
candy mottoes.

Each little boy and girl was in-
vited to put a hand into Santa
Claus pack and pull out a package.
What surprises there were in those
packages! Just the things boys
and girls like—dolls, tops, books,
balls, paint boxes, dishes, blocks
and many other toys besides.

Each one received a candy motto
from the brownies, then with smil-
ing faces and happy hearts all
marched away to the playrooms.

Every one regretted that the
Principal was unable to be present
to receive the expressions of grati-
tude from his little people, for they
realize and appreciate his effort to
make them happy at school, and
know him to be their real Santa
Claus. All were glad to have Mrs.
James Currier present during the
party, also Mr. Randall, Mrs.
Wilcox and other members of the
family, who looked in upon the
merry company during the after-
noon.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The annual Christmas festival of
the kindergarten classes took place
on Wednesday, December 19th.

The room in which the festival was
held, was decorated for the occa-
sion. From the center of the ceil-
ing, strings of evergreen went in
all directions to the walls and end-
ing with a large evergreen star.

The walls were adorned with holly
wreaths and on the slates were
drawn in colors, a large picture of

Santa Claus in his sleigh harnessed
to five pairs of reindeers.

In the center of the room was a
Christmas tree surmounted by two
small American flags. It was
beautifully decorated with pop-
corn strings, little packages of
candy, and etc. There were also
quite a lot of cards neatly tied in
white tissue paper. Surrounding
the tree were about a dozen kinder-
garten tables, each covered with
Japanese napkins, and the middle
of each table was a vase of flowers.
The tables were laden with, banan-
as, figs, dates, candies, cakes,
etc. At two o'clock the small boys
of the Mansion House who were in-
vited, came over to the girls' study
room, where they met the small
girls waiting for them. They were
made into nearly 50 couples and
marched to the room, which could
not hold all, so another one had to
be used. On each paper napkin
was a cap motto. The couples were
told to be seated and then the fun
began. The cap mottoes were soon
snapping everywhere, and by and
by the whole assembly had their
heads adorned by paper caps of
different hues. The next thing
was to eat the good cheer. The
little ones were waited upon by
Minnie Pineus and Bessie Phullen,
who wore dainty light blue aprons.
The participants thoroughly enjoyed
the feast, which went on till
everyone was satisfied. Then
Santa Claus, (Mr. Jones,) dressed
in a red robe, red cap and black
leggings, and with long white hair
and beard, came in carrying a large
bag. Behind him also came two
little brownies—J. Lovitch and D.
Tatarinsky—dressed in a yellow
and a red jacket, brown pants and
pointed shoes and caps, dragging
a sack full of presents.

The children hailed Santa Claus
with joyful and smiling faces, and
those in the back of the room at-
tended on their chairs in order to see him.
He shook hands with nearly all he
could reach and began to unload
the Christmas tree. The small
white cards were presented to whom
they were named. At half past
3 o'clock the boys marched past
Santa Claus and picked at random
any package from the bag. The
Brownies presented each with a
small package containing candy.

The boys then went back to the
Mansion House. The girls then
followed, who likewise picked out
any parcel from a separate bag and
also received their package of
candy from the brownies. Alto-
gether the affair was a delightful
one and all enjoyed themselves
thoroughly.

Mr. Jones then went over to the
Mansion House in his Santa Claus
costume, to give a little cheer to
those who did not attend the festi-
val.

An occasional yell that may be
heard around Fanwood won't in-
dicate a murder being committed,
but simply some one touching an-
other's vaccination mark.

Mr. Wade, the gentleman who
has done much for the welfare of
the blind deaf, was a visitor here
Monday.

Mr. Anthony Capelli, assistant
instructor in the school of printing
is rejoicing over the advent of a
bouncing baby boy, weighing ten
pounds, who first saw the light of
day at 5.30 on Thursday morning,
December 20th. The little stranger
will be named after his sire.

St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club,
through its chairman, W. H.
Schaub, and other leading members,
yesterday subscribed \$100 to the
World's Fair Fund. Several days
ago a party of prominent deaf-
mutes visited headquarters in the
Carleton building for the purpose
of getting information with regard
to the fair. Their written inquiries
were answered by Perry Bartholow,
who gave them a bunch of subscrip-
tion blanks, with an invitation to
become stockholders in the greatest
of world's expositions. Yesterday
Mr. Schaub returned with a signed
blank for ten shares of stock. He
stated that this was in addition to
the individual subscriptions of sev-
eral of the members of the club.

The club has been in existence
for eighteen years and includes some
of the leading deaf-mutes in the

city. When the question of sub-
scribing to the World's Fair came
up, it was submitted to a committee
composed of Mr. Schaub, chair-
man; G. D. Hunter, vice-chair-
man; A. N. Merrell, Harold Woot-
en, Charles Wolff, William Staf-
ford and J. Bretscher, who voted
unanimously to take the stock.

The gentlemen will endeavor to in-
terest deaf-mutes all over the
country in the big fair, and it is
probable their aid will be asked in
securing exhibits of especial inter-
est to the deaf and dumb. When
Mr. Bartholow told the committee
good-bye, he thanked them for
their interest, with the remark,
"You gentlemen don't make as
much noise as some people, but you
get there just the same."

The circulation of subscription
blanks on large commercial and
manufacturing houses, where every-
body can be given an opportunity
to sign, from the president of the
company down to the janitor, is
also being stimulated as much as
possible from headquarters. Sev-
eral firms have added from \$6,000
to \$10,000 each to the fund in this
manner, but many have done no-
thing toward giving their employes
a chance to become stockholders in
the fair. There are upwards of
600 secret societies and clubs in the
city, and, as an enthusiastic work-
er suggested yesterday, in view of
the deaf-mute subscription, if
every one of them would instruct
its treasurer or secretary to take a
few shares of World's Fair stock,
the total would equal the subscrip-
tion of the largest railroad entering
the city.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-
crat, Dec. 13, '00.

The names and addresses of the
active members of the St. Louis
Deaf-Mute Club as follows:

Harry Berwin, 1524 1/2 Wash St.
Wm. C. Blackshaw, 708 Wash St.
Yonah Bretscher, 3560 S. Jefferson Ave.
Thos. J. Brown, 912 1/2 Adams St.
W. T. Campbell, 2236 Sullivan St.
John A. Froh, 1332 Stewart Pl.
W. G. Guss, 1921 Warren St.
Geo. D. Hunter, 1821 Cass Ave.
Marcus Kerr, 4888 Cook Ave.
W. B. Lohmann, 2115 Monroe St.
Peter Hughes, 3004 Cass Ave.
Charles Crusius, 1718 N. 13th St.
Hart Bennet, 504 N. 14th St.
John A. May, 1332 Stewart Pl.
Henry McCamley, 1831 Cass Ave.
A. N. Merrell, 4830 Fountain Ave.
Sam Perlmutter, 3518 St. Louis Ave.
Wm. H. Schaub, 2115 Monroe St.
Wm. Stafford, 1919 Goode Ave.
W. D

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding eye,

That wrong is also done to us.

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

THIS is the last week of the Nineteenth Century, and with this number of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, we round out Volume XXIX.

In ordinary years, it has been our custom to refer briefly to the events of the twelve months preceding; but this time it seems fitting to look back upon the great changes relating to the deaf which a century has wrought.

In the year 1800, and up to the opening of the Hartford School in 1817, there was, practically speaking, not one school for the education of the deaf in America.

The thousands of deaf and dumb persons lived and died in almost total ignorance. Their fate was a terrible one until the sainted Gallaudet began his work in their behalf.

In the year of grace 1900, what a wonderful transformation we see. In every State, every city, town, village and hamlet, there are deaf-mutes of intelligence, capability and industry, fulfilling every duty to the State, to the home, and to society.

From the Egyptian darkness which a hundred years ago, has sprung up, in the United States, 57 public schools, 40 day schools, 15 denominational and private schools; making a total of 112 establishments for the education of the deaf, including Gallaudet College at Washington—the only college for the deaf in the world.

In the schools there is a total pupilage of 11,815, which, added to the 127 students of Gallaudet College, makes a grand total of 11,942 deaf persons under instruction in the United States.

The number of teachers in the 111 schools and the college aggregates 1,309—of whom 458 are male, and 851 female teachers.

Of these teachers, the tabulated number of articulation experts is 561; deaf teachers, 243; teachers of industries, 323.

In 48 of the 57 public schools, the total annual expenditure amounts to \$1,966,219; and in 34 of the 57 public schools the amount annually expended aggregates \$321,248. From the *Annals*, this information is obtained, and the annual expenditures of the Mississippi Institution are not given. Thus, we see that there is annually expended on the education of the deaf in the United States, more than the sum of \$2,287,467.

The total value of buildings and grounds can not be obtained, but for 48 of the 57 public schools for educating the deaf, the total value amounts to \$11,802,396.

Although the earliest efforts to educate the deaf in the United States, advocated by Green and Braidwood, and at the New York Institution, was by the oral method, the "Combined System" holds sway in the education of deaf children by about eight to one. It will thus be seen that the so-called "new method" is really an old method, and that the oral method antedates all other methods in the New World as it does in the Old World. The real new and up-to-date departure in educating the deaf, is not a method, but a system which embodies the best and embraces all

methods, and is called the "Combined System."

There are two purely educational publications of the profession of teaching the deaf—the *American Annals of the Deaf*, and the *Association Review*.

The newspapers published in the interests of the deaf are many, but the leading newspaper, which has a world-wide reputation and circulation, is the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A few years ago, in Washington, D. C., there was established, chiefly through the instrumentality and liberality of Dr. A. Graham Bell, an institution called the Volta Bureau, for the increase and dissemination of knowledge concerning the deaf. It is a fireproof building, and has special facilities for the collection and storage of works relating to the deaf. It is performing an excellent service in publishing and distributing papers, reports, and other publications treating upon the deaf, their education, and special statistics.

One hundred years ago, all religious truths and consolations were unknown to the deaf. At the end of the century we find mission work and religious ministrations under the direction of priests of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Roman Catholic Priests, and ministers of the Methodist and Congregational denominations. There are Episcopal Church edifices exclusively for the deaf in the cities of New York and Philadelphia.

It is difficult to get statistics concerning associations and societies for the deaf, but we have tabulated: Missions and branches, 21, with a membership of 10,725; State Associations, 7 with 2,736 members; Alumni Associations, 10, with a membership of 1,656; and 24 clubs and societies having a total of 574 adherents.

No definite returns are as yet available as to the number of deaf-mutes included in the Census of 1900, but 50,000 is probably a fair estimate.

The work accomplished by the deaf themselves during the century, would require a great deal of space and a large amount of research to properly catalogue. They have been the pioneers in establishing schools in various States of the Union; they have won success and distinction in almost every field of human endeavor. From the work of the deaf emanated almost all of the published histories of schools and institutions, which have found such special value to all interested in the education of the deaf.

From their hearts, and by the work of their hands, have sprung the enduring monuments of gratitude to their benefactors, which are found in massive bronze and sculptured marble, in paintings and in hammered silver, in granite columns and in tablets. They have been the main workers in providing homes for the aged and infirm of their class; they have contributed some of the loftiest thoughts and the most practical expedients that have given impetus to the education of the young; and, above all, they are to-day the living, incontrovertible testimony, of the wisdom of the State in giving a free education to all.

THE *Journal des Sourds-Muets* of Paris, France contains a lengthy obituary of Felicien Le Prince, a distinguished deaf-mute of Calais. He was a former president of the Friendly Society of Deaf-Mutes and president at the anniversary banquets in honor of Abbe de l'Epee in his province from 1892 to 1895. He was an affable and loyal gentleman, and did a great deal of good in the discussions of methods of educating the deaf. He advocated the manual method. His death occurred at a quarter past two on the afternoon of November 1st, at the Hospital of St. Jean of Arras. His sickness had been of long duration, which was endured with courage and faith. His demise is universally regretted by the deaf of France.

A NEW monthly paper for the deaf has just made its bow to the public in Paris, France. The first number was issued in November. It is called *Le Reveil des Sourds-Muets*, and is published at 91 Rue Didot, Paris. The paper is an eight-page quarto, and the subscription price to foreigners is eighty cents a year. It is of the

"independent" order, and is edited by a committee whose names are not published.

Gives His Life For Another.

Death in the path of duty came yesterday to William Krider, 50 years old, a flagman in the employ of the Pittsburg, Chicago & Fort Wayne.

Krider's flag shanty is at the 33d street crossing. Here came Mrs. Mary Soberstrom, 3247 5th avenue. She is hard of hearing, and, being intent upon the footing afforded over the tracks, did not see a passenger train which was approaching at high speed from the north.

"Look out! Look out!" cried Krider.

But the woman did not hear him and the warning was unheeded.

"Quick; you'll be killed," he shrieked again in warning.

When this alarm did no more than the first to attract her attention to her danger, he dropped his flag and started toward her. The train was approaching rapidly and it was doubtful if he could reach her in time to pull her back. He ran at his best speed and seized her just as she was on the track.

Krider attempted to pull her, but, startled by the touch of a hand upon her, her inclination was to go forward. Knowing that death was the imminent prospect Krider did not let go but hung to her, shouting loudly in her ear.

In an instant it was all over. The oncoming engine reached the spot and ran down not only Mrs. Soberstrom, but her rescuer as well. Krider was instantly killed and his body ground beneath the wheels. Mrs. Soberstrom was thrown to one side of the track. Several of her ribs were crushed, her head was badly hurt, and her left wrist was broken. Physician said her injuries were serious.

The dead flagman lived at 553 31st Street. He had a little boy deaf and dumb.—*Chicago Record of Dec. 8.*

ALLENTOWN, PA.

A Happy New Year to all of the JOURNAL readers.

Mrs. Oliver N. Krause and Miss Katie E. Schroyer are spending Christmas week in Philadelphia. They also will visit their old school at Mt. Airy, where they have received their worthy education.

Messrs. John Vankirk and Wm. Arnold were in Limeport Sunday, a week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Keck, who formerly resided in Allentown. They are both enjoying good health.

Some days ago Messrs. Jonathan Haney and Henry Sinclair took a tramp from South Bethlehem, Pa., to the Catskills, and other ways, only to make the shortest walk to Riegelsville, a distance of twelve miles, where they called upon Mr. and Mrs. Henry Riegel. They came home by rail.

Miss Mamie Hess, of Philadelphia, is spending Christmas with her parents and friends in Bethlehem.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vankirk helped butchering on the farm of Messrs. Wm. Arnold and A. Myer. They killed three fat hogs and a bull.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Bradbury, and their sweet little Marion, are spending Christmas week in Lansford with the former's parents. They may also call upon Messrs. Moses Foster and Leon Kleckner in Tamaqua.

Mr. Henry Sinclair, of South Bethlehem, was in New Jersey at the home of his parents to see his son Earl. They are teaching the little boy to talk which Henry and wife are unable to do.

Mr. Oliver N. Krause sought company with his old chum, Mr. Isaac R. Carney in Easton, during his wife's absence in Philadelphia, during Christmas week.

Several happy little faces from the Mt. Airy Institution for the Deaf are here, to spend Christmas week with their parents. They have to return January 2d.

O. K.

In houses of London nobility, and at all the court functions at Windsor or any of the palaces, the labels of the champagne bottles are all removed in order that no person may be able to say that his brand of wine or the other is drunk there.

The friends of the dead in China beg permission to burn quaint paste-board images of men and cattle, shaped in crinkled paper, on the spot where the dead lie. The ceremony is a mark of respect and is believed also to act as a sedative on the departed spirits.

Smoking is so common in Japan that all men and most ladies smoke, the girls beginning when they are about ten years of age. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him and lets him smoke.

A brief and readable narrative of the founding and growth of the work of the Episcopal Church among the deaf in the Middle West has been published in the Church Standard, of Philadelphia, by the News Editor, the Rev. J. Kemper Boeck. A brief biography of the founder, the Rev. Austin W. Mann, is included in the article.

Helen Keller.

TALKS TO HER CLASSMATES—NO LONGER DUMB.

BOSTON, MASS., Sunday.—Helen Keller, the deaf, blind and heretofore dumb student at Radcliffe College, yesterday astonished and delighted the freshman class of which she is a vice-president, by making a short address. It was at a class luncheon in Fay Hall, and Helen, who has recently become able to make sounds, which can be understood by those familiar with her, responded when called upon by the chairman.

She spoke only a few words in a low, unmodulated voice, which did not lack in strength and was even musical. Up to this point she has mastered but comparatively few words, but Miss Sullivan, her constant companion and guardian, can now understand her quite readily, as can others who have become accustomed to her.

Miss Keller, who is now nineteen years old, shows a steady improvement in her new and wonderful accomplishment. Even those who know her and her remarkable mental capacity express astonishment at the headway she is making. Her first public utterance before her fellow students at Fay Hall was applauded rapturously.

Every day she has long conversations in her own way with Miss Sullivan, who some time ago, could understand her only from the movement of the lips. Now she takes up words and sentences and repeats them until she improves in tone and modulation.

A Cambridge physician, who happened to pass Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan as they were about to enter the ground of Radcliffe College recently, was astounded, according to his own statement, to hear the young woman talking to her guardian. The words at first seemed to be indistinct, but a moment later he was able to catch several words of the one-sided vocal conversation, for Miss Sullivan can only communicate with her ward by touch.

He said—"It was most remarkable. Having personal knowledge of what had been done and the difficulties to be surmounted, to hear her talk seemed to me almost like a miracle, and it seems as if one could predict almost anything for this girl."

Miss Keller is an eager student at Radcliffe. All of her time is taken up with her studies, which include French, English and history. Last week she spent several days in New York, and her friends say she delighted with the trip.—*N. Y. Herald, Dec. 17.*

It Was Welcome.

The daughter of a well known clergyman in Washington had a severe attack of scarlet fever when she was 3 years old, which resulted in deafness. Up to that time she had been a regular little chatterbox, doing her infantile best to carry out the proverbial, "Being a woman, she'll talk forever!" Upon her recovery her parents were nearly heart-broken to find that she had not only lost her hearing but the power of speech as well. Whether she had really forgotten how to talk or whether it was obstinacy or lack of confidence they could not determine, but despite all efforts of the best tutors the child remained mute. One day when she was nearly ten years of age she was playing with a cat, and with as much cruelty as though she was of the sterner sex, she used its tail as a handle with which to pick it up. The poor animal, not appreciating the economic use the aforesaid tail, inflicted a deep scratch across the chubby little hand "Damn that cat!" she cried, flinging it down.

And her father, devout clergyman as he was, clasped his hands, and, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Thank God that child has spoken at last!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Field Apologized.

While in a peculiar mood one day the late Stephen J. Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall left humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace. Later in the day Justice Field sent for McCall.

"Come to my house at 7 o'clock this evening," was all he said.

With mingled feelings of doubt and despair the page called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves.

When the veteran lawyer had pulled about 15 volumes into Page McCall's arms he gruffly remarked: "Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you to-day. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good night!"—*Exchange.*

What the Tailor Sees.

PECULIARITIES OF MEN BEING MEASURED FOR NEW CLOTHES.

"Yes, there is a time for throwing out one's chest, just as there is a time for everything else," said the tailor, as he read out one of the measurements for the customer's coat, while the latter stood before him on the little pedestal.

"Now you probably have no idea," the tailor continued, as he stretched the tape over the shoulder and down under the armpit, "what a lot of trouble is made for us by deceitful customers—I mean those who, unconsciously or otherwise, seem to think they must stand very erect to be fitted properly. I am not telling you this for your benefit, Mr. Jones, as you are always most natural in your standing."

Jones smiles, and the tailor notes that Mr. Jones figure straightens a little.

"You see," continued the measurer, "the customer is not always frank with us, any more than the patient is always frank with telling a physician about himself. There are opportunities for deception in both cases. For instance, it very often occurs that a man with sloping shoulders comes up to be measured, and instead of allowing us to size him up as he really is, he throws himself all out of position, and there is the deuce to pay generally when he comes around trying on the garment, for he cannot always strike the same position twice, much less keep it.

Some men would no more admit that their shoulders needed 'raising,' or 'lifting,' as we say, than they would be ready to confess that their calves needed a little re-enforcement. Imagine what we occasionally get from a new customer—and it is incidentally true that these deceivers are the ones who do the most shifting from one tailor to another as a result of this lack of personal frankness! They are the ones who seldom get suited anywhere.

"Of course, there is an opportunity of using tact with this sort as well as many other ways of our business. It, of course, would never do in the world for us to say to some men, 'Shall I not put a little in the shoulder, just to fill it out a bit?'"

"To be sure we can say, and with perfect sincerity, that coats are being cut this season to set squarely as possible on the shoulder, but there are men who won't stand for that sort of thing, as 'they know what they want.' At any rate, they would have us believe they know, and it is a temptation to give a man what he wants, even if one realizes there may be loss of business account of it in the long run. But it is not always loss of business, for there are kinds of customers that are almost perpetually a loss—in wear and tear on our nerves, if not in actual work. Tailors have nerves, by the way, although they are not sometimes given credit for having any.

"It is the best all round method to give the man what we think he wants, or, at least, what we think he should have, taking down all the while with the nod of respectful and obedient understanding all that he prescribes for himself. That's a confession, sir, but one has to meet the grand bluff with the same brand once in awhile.

"This man who throws out his chest comes in many different species. One may owe us a trifle too much to be exactly on the level, and his financial dignity comes to the surface—something by way of a very ready help in time of present trouble. He doesn't want us to assume any undue pressure and he needs some clothes. We can tell him as soon as he heaves in sight. But we respect him by comparison with the vainglorious ones who twist themselves out of shape. We get the first of the trouble when he is on the stand, and it shows up when he tries on the coat. When up before the three-sided reflector he usually expands the limit, and the cutter may have to tell him to 'stand perfectly natural, please.' After doing the best we can, and the coat is all made up, he will find something wrong, or, perhaps, it may not crop out until his wife sees him as he is. There are so many parts that show poor fit.

The shoulders may sag, the back wrinkle and, worse than any thing else, the collar may sag down. The collar obviously may set in perfect position when he has his chest out and his head erect, and when he falls into his customary lag or stoop the thing doesn't hang snug—and he is back upon us with grievances."—*Boston Herald.*

A Correction.

By oversight the item: "Wm. Fitz Gerald, \$2.00," was omitted from the printed report of Thanksgiving contributions. The printed total was \$2.00 larger than the sum of the column above it.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kerney are spending the winter in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. John A. Dunlap wishes her deaf friends to know that she will not receive New Year's calls on January 1st, 1901.

They're Rediscoveries.

The London *Express* gives the following list of some very ancient things that we are in the habit of regarding as rather modern, of which you may believe as much as you like:

Even such seemingly indubitable innovations as wireless telegraphy and the biograph, for instance, have been shown to have had their counterparts in the dawn of the world's history.

Cannon are known to have been used a thousand years before Creecy. A 500-year-old magazine rifle has recently been unearthed at Nuremberg.

Nor is it only comparatively important inventions like the foregoing that can be traced back to the earth's infancy in the archaic vase-room at the British Museum any reader of these lines can gaze upon babies' feeding bottles of sun-baked clay which were antique when Joseph went into Egypt.

A bone collar stud was recently found in a Sakkarian sarcophagus resembling almost exactly in appearance those sold by hawkers at the Strand at three a penny. Yet the man who made it had been dust and ashes thousands of years, what time the patriarch Aoraham fed his flocks on Hebron.

Ages ago the Hindu "medicine man" knew all about disease germs and microbes, although he was jeered at by Western scientists because he called them "little worms." And after all, when we moderns "discovered" what he had known all along, we could find no better name for the new organisms than bacilli, which, being interpreted, is "little sticks."

It has been generally supposed that the system of using raised letters for the education of the blind was a European invention. No such thing. Books printed in this species of type have been in use in Persia from time immemorial. Similarly, the art of printing and the principle of the mainer's compass were known to the Chinese ages before they were accepted by the more slowly developing civilization of the West.

The invention of gunpowder is usually ascribed to one Michael Schwartz, a German monk, about 1320. As a matter of fact, both the Chinese and the Hindus possessed it centuries before.

The telescope, so far from being, as is generally averred, the outcome of the famous experiment of Galileo, was known at least 300 years before his time, while the microscope certainly dates from the early part of the ninth century, although greatly improved in the sixteenth by Jansen and others.

Rubber stamps were used by the Moors a thousand years before Christ, and about the time Rome was founded the same ingenious race invented the self-registering turnstile, such as is used to-day to check the admissions to places of public entertainment.

Devotees of golf are fond of referring to it as "ancient and royal game." It is probably more royal, and certainly far more ancient, than most of them have any idea of. At all events, a pictured tablet was recently unearthed at Caracemish, the old capital of the Hittites, whereon are depicted men and women engaged in a pastime which if not exactly golf as played at present, is something extraordinarily like it.

The Hambleton cricket legend, which makes England's national game take its rise in the little Surrey village scarcely more than a hundred years ago, has long since been exploded. The game was played by the Vikings, and is certainly identical also with the "club ball" of the fourteenth century.

Cheess has been traced back 6,000 years. Quoits was played in the dawn of the world's history by the soldier priests of Isis.

There is no eating the nut for the man who is too lazy to get through the shell.

To prove at what date the first umbrella was made is a seemingly hopeless task, but we find records of their use among the Greeks and Romans not alone as a protection from sun or rain, but as a distinguishing mark of royalty. By the time of Queen Anne's reign they had become quite common simply as a protection, but they were all imported until about 1802, when the manufacture of them was begun in England.

If you would grow more in grace, try praying more for people you don't like.

A flower will have something sweet to say to you, no matter where you put it.

Nothing will kill a man quicker than perpetually feeling his own pulse.

If we should but use our joys to remind us of God we might have more of them.

The stained rosewood of religiosity has ever been one of the most fashionable finishes amongst the worldly,

Charles Cole, who was employed by the Oakwood Rose Gardens for eleven years, left last week, but has secured a job in a wagon factory, at Oil City, Pa.

A Tart Response.

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young physician, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business.

Finally he asked, "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor.

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together—should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.

Deaf Couple Married.

Mr Harry Graham, of Rossville, and Miss Grace Shelato, of Cayuga, Ind., were married in Danville, Tuesday, November 13th, by Justice Henry Hall at his office. The bride, who gave her residence as Cayuga, has for some time been keeping house for Mrs. Frank Smith, Mr. Graham's mother, in this city. Mr. Graham is a shoemaker by trade, and an industrious young man. Both of the contracting parties being deaf and dumb, the justice had to write the questions on pieces of paper to which they each nodded assent. The justice then declared them married, but they heard him not.—*Rossville (Ill.) Independent.*

Training Canaries.

In the canary breeding establishments of Germany only the male birds are valued, because the females never sing. The method of training the birds to sing is to put them in a room where there is an automatic whistle, which they all strive to imitate. The breeder listens to the efforts of the birds and picks out the most apt pupils, which are then placed in another room for further instruction. These are the best singers and ultimately fetch high prices.—*Berlin Correspondence.*

The Indiana system of paroling prisoners who give promise of making worthy citizens, is said to be very successful. The system of training given in prison does much to help the men forward to better and more independent lives. The two together have resulted in the entire reclaiming of hundreds of men in the past few years.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

Whales are never found in the Gulf Stream.

The smallest humming bird weighs twenty grains.

Female frogs have no voice; only the males can sing.

A flea's mouth is placed exactly between his forelegs.

Sweden's biggest export is timber. She sells \$27,500,000 worth a year.

To be perfectly proportioned it is claimed that a man should weigh twenty-eight pounds to every foot of his height.

Mother—How did this ink get all over the table? Small Son—It run out all by its own self, quick as the bottle upset.

The locomotive works of the United States turned out 2,196 locomotives in the past year, valued at \$23,000,000. Of the total number 489 were sent abroad.

Last year the trade in China was the greatest the country has ever known. It was double that of 1890, and it was 25 per cent. greater than that of the year before, rising to 460,533,288 Haikwan taels.

Poultry dealers who have made investigations, think the turkey supply will be 10 or 15 per cent. more than last year, and nearer a full crop than for three years, preceding. High prices proved an incentive to increase.

Night blindness is a peculiar affection of the eye in which the patient sees very well during the day, but becomes blind as night approaches. It is mostly met with in warm climates, and usually gives way to mild treatment.

Germany is now the best-educated nation of the Continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by odd pence.

Galveston is reported to be rapidly rising from the ruins of the great storm. Much of the business section of the city has been quite fully restored, and the immense energy which has taken hold of the citizens is working wonders all over the island.

A great deal of trouble is expended in educating the showy, high-stepping horse. He is trained to step high and act slowly by being driven along a path whereon rails are set crosswise; he steps high to avoid stumbling, and in time always steps high.

The man who is shouting curses on his neighbor's faults may be seeking to draw attention from his own crimes.

NEW YORK.

Bicycle Wreck on the Long Island Road.

A CRYSTAL WEDDING.

Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Isaac N. Soper and his *fidus Achates*, Theodor Lounsbury, as everybody knows, are great wheelmen. They both have made century runs many a time. But the last run of the Century is another kind of a story. They met by appointment at East 23d Street Ferry, intending to spin along the Cycle Path to Coney. But here they met with an insuperable obstacle. The fog was so dense that the ferry boats dare not leave the slip for the tortuous journey that ends at Broadway, Brooklyn. Undismayed, they went to the East 34th Street Ferry, which runs its boats straight across the river, and were successful in reaching the asphalt strip that flanks the depot in Long Island City. Pedalling cheerfully through the fog, the rustic regions soon were reached. The chickens fluttered from the roadway, the howlows barked, and the cows in the meadow raised their noses from the grass and gazed with placid surprise as Captain Soper on his "spirited hoss" glided swiftly past, with "Ted" as lieutenant, pegging away fifteen feet in the rear. Anon the rolling roadway became a steep hill, up which the wheelmen laboriously climbed, to be rewarded by a long stretch of inclined roadway such as the inveterate "coaster" loves. Captain Soper gave a few preliminary pushes at the pedals, and then raised his feet to the front fork of the wheel. Lieutenant Lounsbury got up steam enough to forge ahead, and both coasted merrily along, Lounsbury in the van. About midway down the hill, Captain Soper's wheel began to wobble. He put on the brake, but it did not work. The speed increased and his wheel seemed to be trying to cut figure eights, till at last the rider was flung violently on one side of the road and his wheel lay down on other. Lieutenant Lounsbury, alarmed at the captain's unaccustomed proceeding of allowing any one to be ahead of him for more than thirty-eight seconds, dismounted and gazed back along the empty road. Retracing his course, he came upon the captain, who was sitting up and gazing in a bewildered way at the fireworks. Investigation showed that Mr. Soper was simply jarred, but his front wheel was a twisted puzzle of spokes and rim. Not being able to ride on one wheel, the wreck was carried to the nearest railroad station, and two (at least one) sad individuals paid railroad fare to New York. Thus began and ended the final run of the present century.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frey celebrated their Fifteenth Wedding Anniversary last on Sunday, the 23d inst., by inviting a number of their relatives and friends to a reception. They received many beautiful presents, among which was a pitcher with the inscription, "1885-1900, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frey." The guests partook of an excellent supper. "Milwaukee Sec" flowed like water, and those who desired it could have less strong beverages. Just before departing, all joined in declaring they had very good time. Among those present were: Mr. Harry Frey, a hearing brother of Mr. Henry Frey, and his wife, children and nurse, Mr. Shannon and cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Goldfogle and two children, Miss Gussie Berley, Miss Sarah Stein, Mr. Robert Harth, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kamnitzer and others.

Edward McKeranah his wife, of Middletown, Ct., were in the city this week, Edward has been employed by the Goodyear Rubber Company for many years, but has been laid off, on account of overproduction. If he is not soon reinstated, he contemplates starting a small shoe shop, in partnership of a hearing friend whose parents are deaf-mutes.

Herbert Gunner says the East is good enough for him, and that the statement that he intends to return to Texas is all wrong.

William Hutton had his arm shattered by being struck by a fire engine, a short time ago. He had a narrow escape from instant death. The arm will not be permanently disabled.

A Pleasant Party.

There was the scene of a jolly party Sunday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Axt, 125 Court street, in honor of

Miss Grace Bacon's birthday. She received some useful presents. A merry company of young people assembled there and the evening was spent in conversation and popping-corn, etc. Dainty refreshments were served during the afternoon. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Axt, U. Sherman and J. E. Taplin, G. Stevenson, Mr. Weiss of Hamden, C. E. Mull of Shelton, G. F. Marshall, H. F. Probst of Bridgeport, Misses Elsie K. Weiss, Fanny McQueeney and Grace Bacon.

ST. LOUIS.

The local observance of Gallaudet Day was held under the auspices of the St. Louis Gallaudet Union at the Schuyler Memorial House on the evening of the 12th inst. The programme consisted of two parts—literary and social. The first part was given in St. Thomas' Mission Room, in the gymnasium hall below. The weather was good and there was a large and appreciated attendance. The success of the literary part is due to the combined efforts of Miss Miss Herdman, Messrs. Jones, Rodenberger, and the few who responded to the call for extempore remarks. All present acted as a committee of one to make the social feature a success, and it is needless to say that they succeeded. The Gallaudet anniversary has been regularly observed in this city for several years past and each observance has been marked by greater appreciation and enthusiasm than the preceding one. The momentum thus given the memory of Gallaudet is already sufficient to send his name "Down the dark future, through long generations."

A number of the local deaf have recently received from the Census Department question blanks issued by Dr. A. G. Bell, "Expert Special Agent." How "our friend, the enemy," came to be regarded as an "expert" in matters pertaining to the deaf by the Census Department may always be "a marvel and a mystery to the world."

The Convention address of President Gallaudet at Flint, which received the hearty endorsement of a great majority of the teachers of the deaf, was probably not included in Dr. Bell's batch of testimonials which secured him the appointment. The Census Department should have assigned the special expert work to someone connected with the profession, and Gallaudet College—Dr. Fay, for instance. If the deaf were satisfied that the voluntary information concerning themselves that they have given Dr. Bell in past years had made any impression on him, his latest circular would be taken up with much greater interest and enthusiasm than is now the case.

Mr. W. L. Stafford has prepared and printed a neat pocket directory of the deaf of St. Louis, containing several hundred names. The directory also gives the names of the various local organizations of the deaf, religious, educational, literary and social, together with the time and place of regular meetings. It is Mr. Stafford's intention to make corrections and additions to the work annually, so that by World's Fair time it will be as near perfection as any directory can be. Persons desiring copies may obtain them of Mr. Stafford, 1919 Goode Avenue, at twenty-five cents each.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club has subscribed \$100 to the World's Fair Fund. We have never known the Club to have made better use of its funds. The *Globe Democrat* gave considerable space to the subscription and said that if the various local organizations of every name and object would only follow the Club's example, the subscriptions would exceed a hundred thousand dollars from such sources. In another issue of the same paper the following item appeared:

What is this we hear from the Deaf-Mute Clubs? It has subscribed \$100 to the World's Fair Fund. This public-spirited action of the deaf-mutes speaks louder than their words.

It is understood as excellent authority that the next convention of instructors of the Deaf will be opened in Buffalo, N. Y., July 2d next. We suggest that the badges bear the following inscription: "Put me off at Buffalo."

Among the pupils recently admitted to Day School is a thirteen-year-old boy nearly totally blind and deaf, and without any previous training. He is a bright boy mentally, and all that can be done for him is being done.

Mr. R. S. Panter, of Kansas City, has hit upon a heretofore untried method of diffusing the manual alphabet among the hearing. He recently engaged in the selling of pure milk, and had the manual alphabet printed on the reverse side of his milk tickets.

Mrs. Louis Jacoby entertained her matron friends at dinner on the 8th inst., and was agreeably surprised with a birthday gift of a china tea set of six pieces.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus H. Kerr have returned to St. Louis to reside permanently. They are now domiciled on Cook Avenue.

Wild birds do not sing more than eight or ten weeks in the year.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Tribute to Laurent Clerc.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The practice of observing the birthday anniversary of LAURENT CLERC, on December 26th, seems to have fallen into disuse here, though, happily, not by that indifference which characterizes the unthoughtful mind. We sincerely believe that the memory of this good teacher of old continues to be cherished by the deaf of Philadelphia and always will be.

The Clerc Literary Association is named after him. It is the possessor of an excellent life-size bust oil painting of Clerc, executed by John Carlin, which hangs alongside another of Gallaudet, of the same size, on the wall of the platform in All Souls' Hall, which is not only a place of honor, but the most conspicuous place in the hall.

The Association has also come into possession of a number of books which formerly belonged to Clerc, through his worthy son, Rev. Dr. Francis J. Clerc. These few facts serve to keep the name of Clerc continually before our deaf.

The mere fact that no ostentatious display is made in his honor on each anniversary of his birth, is not proof that the man is forgotten. So far as we can judge, the practice of honoring Clerc as we do Gallaudet is in disuse only to the extent of the manner or kind of celebration. For some years past it has been the practice of holding All Souls' Christmas Festival on Clerc's birthday anniversary.

It will be repeated this year. Though it may not be generally known, it is done for a double purpose—to mark the birthday anniversary quietly by affording the opportunity for a re-union of the deaf of the parish during the good season. The Clerc Literary Association had first introduced the practice of keeping the anniversary, but All Souls' Guild, which has first right to the use of All Souls' Hall, gradually formed the practice of holding its Christmas festival on the anniversary day, until now when the Association has given it up entirely.

There is no feeling between the two bodies about it, but we believe that, when the Guild relinquishes the date for its customary festival, the Association will again come forward with unmistakable testimony of the love and esteem in which it holds its distinguished namesake.

Of recent years there has been a desire to abridge the name of the Association—All Souls' Working People's Club and Clerc Literary Association—or to select a name that would best serve the interests of both the Association and All Souls' Mission, of which it is a branch. Various suggestions were made, but rather than drop the name of CLERC, the Association would drop all others and continue the old name—THE CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION. Is not this of itself a beautiful tribute of love and respect for the FIRST DEAF TEACHER OF THE DEAF IN AMERICA?

It is not our purpose here to enter into an account of the life of Laurent Clerc, but any one who reads the history of the beginning of the education of the deaf in America, must acknowledge the fact that Clerc was an important factor in it. As a brilliant example of the deaf in the Old World, he was a most valuable aid to Gallaudet in spreading the same kind of work in the New World. To whom was Gallaudet more grateful for such help than Clerc? Whether Clerc was inspired by the noble principles of that great French General or not, we look upon him as the Lafayette of the Deaf, and as the American people love the memory of the great General, so the American deaf will always remember the able Teacher, who wrest himself from home and friends in order to benefit his foreign brethren!

Recitations formed the chief exercises at the meeting of the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening, 20th inst. Otto Koenig led with one entitled "Difference of Memory;" R. J. King came next with "Persian Ladies;" Daniel Paul had "A Fish Story" that differed from the kind we hear of every day in that it was a true one; "Physiology" was William F. Durian's subject, strange as it may seem; William H. Lipsett turned out the humorist of the evening, reciting "A Hazing Case;" lastly, R. M. Ziegler contributed a Carlisle story, which, coming from his native town, we must regard another good "fish story" in the absence of a title. A fair attendance was present at the meeting.

At last Sunday afternoon's service at All Souls' Rev. J. M. Koehler made a brief but fitting reference to the birthday of Laurent Clerc on December 26th, reminding the people of the great service he had done the deaf of America, and of the fact that his son, the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Clerc, was the first Pastor of All Souls' Mission. Such men as Clerc, both father and son, were worthy of the grateful remembrance of the deaf, and the deaf of Pennsylvania have particular cause to remember them.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hagy are rejoicing over the advent of a boy baby, who arrived on Thursday, 20th.

On Wednesday of this week the new officers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, elected at Pittsburgh last August, will take hold of the reins of government by holding its first Board meeting. The officers are: President, B. R. Allabough; First Vice-President, R. M. Ziegler; Second Vice-President, Archie Woodside; Secretary, George M. Teegarden; Treasurer, Jas. S. Reider; Managers, Henry Bardes, Daniel Paul, Jr., R. E. Underwood and Reinhart Fritzsche. The new president's motto is "Progress and Prosperity," and we wish him plenty of it. What better could he desire? So let us rally to his support like staunch Pennsylvanians!

Philadelphia is preparing to welcome the new century in elaborate style. Thousand of dollars have been appropriated for the purpose, and an unique event is looked for. Ah, but how will the weather favor us—kindly, we hope.

Rev. J. M. Koehler baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Zang, at All Souls' Church last Sunday afternoon. He was named Henry Lewis. In the evening a christening party was held at the Zang home.

Miss E. M. Ritchie, '03, Gallaudet College, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, at Merchantville, N. J., over the holidays. The place is just six miles from Camden, opposite this city.

Misses Belle Stout and Addie Postel, also students of Gallaudet College, are spending their Christmas vacation in "Sleepy Philadelphia," as some please to call it.

Alphonsus S. Nicely, of Lancaster, is here to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Thomas Breen and two children started for Erie on Friday evening last, after having been notified of the serious illness of Mrs. Breen's mother.

Miss L. H. Little left for Milford on Monday morning, 24th, after a pleasant stay of a week with Mr. and Mrs. Reider.

Harry Smith will spend Christmas at the home of his parents in Rosemont, N. J.

We have been requested to make known the following challenges:

"The undersigned is open to challenges from any deaf-mute in the three States, New York, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, to meet him in a shooting match at clay pigeons at any gathering of the deaf. Hurlingham rules to govern the shoot; fifty targets each, known or unknown angles, to suit party. His best record made two years ago, Christmas, was twenty-three out of twenty-five. Out of practice since. He believes such a match would be a drawing card, especially at the Hollywood Grounds. Address all communications to Harry S. Smith, 2210 Sydenham St., Philadelphia."

Mr. B. Bollinger will visit friends in New York during the holidays.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

DECEMBER 30TH, SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 10 A.M., and 3 P.M.

St. John the Evangelist's Day, Thursday, December 27th, 8 P.M. Christmas Tree in the Guild Room. Admission fee 25 cents, paid at the door.

JANUARY.

3d, Thursday, 8 P.M., Parishioners meeting in St. Ann's and Guild room.

10th, Thursday, 8 P.M., lecture by Prof. Clarke, of the New York Institution, on "Utah and the Mormons."

17th, A fishing party 'under the auspices of the Guild of Silent Workers for the benefit of St. Ann's Church.

New Haven and Bridgeport.

DEAF-MUTES PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

There will be service and sermon in the sign language conducted by Rev. J. Chamberlain, on Sunday, December 30th, at St. Paul's Church, New Haven, at 2:30 P.M., and in the Parish House of St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, at 7 P.M.

There are more muscles in the tail of a rat than in a human hand.

OHIO.

The Merry Christmas.

A FUNNY MISTAKE.

News Items.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 939 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

Christmas, the season of good will, is almost upon us again. One need hardly be told of this for the busy shoppers, huge piles of expenses and more packages are strong indicators of this fact. The child, Christ, was given in love to mankind, and we are only following the dictates of this passion in the bestowal of tributes of remembrances to those of our kind and kind.

Thus we make those around us happy. Whether the gift be small or great, costly or insignificant, the mere act of its giving carries with it esteem and good will, casts sunshine over the heart, and crushes away for the time some of the bitterness of life. Merry Christmas to all the JOURNAL readers! The pupils of the Institution, will not be forgotten. The State will see that each is remembered in some slight way. The majority of them will also be recipients of good will from parents and friends. They will be entertained Tuesday evening, but just what that will be the committee in charge, have kept it a profound secret.

Our friend T. F. Goldsmith, of the Recorder's office, received a little ad. the other day in the following from the *Press-Post*.

Draftsman Goldsmith, of the county recorder's office, is a deaf-mute. He is an intelligent fellow, however, and converses quite fluently by signs or by writing upon a pad. He resembles another clerk who is not afflicted. This led to an amusing encounter yesterday, and no one enjoyed it more than Goldsmith.

A man in search of some information was directed to Goldsmith. He entered the office and approached the first clerk he met and began a laborious conversation with him, employing signs and writing. The young man replied in kind. Finally the man turned and remarked to a friend:

"Oh, but it is a job to talk to this mute!"

"Can you talk and hear?" shouted the supposed mute.

"Sure thing."

"For heaven's sake, do it then," pleaded the mute.

Both welcomed the news gladly, but Goldsmith, who stood near by, almost split his sides laughing at the discomfiture of the two. Then he wrote on a slip of paper: "My life would be hard if all mutes were as hard to understand as those two."

The Board of Managers of the Home for Aged Deaf held a meeting last evening at the Institution, and transacted a large amount important business.

The management has nearly \$1000 for improvements, and it was decided to spend the money for the most urgent ones. These are a barn, cistern, sewerage and fencing, and after there are out of the way and the funds will warrant it a laundry machine for the Home was also authorized to be purchased out of the above fund.

The former barn committee was done away with, and the duty of looking after its constitution placed in the hands of a committee of one, Mr. A. B. Greener. Mr. A. H. Schory will look after the construction of the sewerage, fences and cistern. Mrs. J. W. Jones, Mrs. Ida Moore, Mrs. A. G. Byers and Miss Louisa Fessenbeck, of Cincinnati, were added as members to the Board of Lady Managers.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. A. E. Earhart, for the successful manner, financially and socially, in which he conducted the late ball, and to all who helped in the good cause.

The total receipts from the entertainment were \$707, and the expenses there of \$29.35, thus netting the Home \$677.65.

This was butchering week at the Home. Seven fine porkers laid down their lives and gave up 2000 pounds of meat, lots of lard, sausage mince meat, etc. They averaged nearly three hundred pounds each.

For a couple of days this week a dense fog enveloped the city, the like of which not the oldest inhabitant can recall. At times one could scarcely see a few feet ahead, and it was dangerous to cross the busy thoroughfares of the town.

The editor of the *Deaf World* and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Holycross are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter. It came on the evening of the 17th.

There will be a wedding Tuesday evening, December 25th, in this city. Mr. John Reye and Miss Flora Leekron are the contracting parties. Theirs indeed ought to be a happy Christmas.

Dec. 22, 1900. A. B. G.

Connecticut.

A FAREWELL PARTY.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season was the farewell party of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac P. Beach at their home in Branford last Saturday evening, in honor of Mrs. Averill, and she was genuinely surprised. She is going to move to New Britain very soon. A handsome gift in the way of money was

presented Mrs. Averill from the following persons: Mrs. A. Loomis, Mrs. Zacher, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boynton, Mrs. I. Chidsley, Mrs. C. Beach, C. Boynton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hine and son Eldie, Mr. and Mrs. Saxe, H. Averill, P. F. Williams, J. E. Taplin, Misses Eunice and Edith Arnold, A. Shea and W. Boynton.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boynton and son Clarence and daughter Nettie, H. Averill, P. F. Williams, Miss A. Shea, Emma Arnold, of Branford, J. E. Taplin and Miss Edith Arnold, Mrs. I. Chidsley, of Colorado.

The arrangements for the affair were made by Mrs. Beach. Various games were indulged in during the evening, and refreshments were served, and all went home feeling that they had a delightful time.

Mrs. Averill is a deaf-mute, seventy-eight years of age, and is much beloved by her many friends.

Patara Knocked out by Schenk

THE "DUMMY" FOUND HIS GREATLY IMPROVED ANTAGONIST A HARD CUSTOMER FOR AWHILE—END CAME IN FIFTH ROUND.

The feature of the stag party of the St. Louis Rowing Club yesterday afternoon was the go between "Dummy" Schenk and Tony Patara, and the go resulted in one of the prettiest battles seen in St. Louis in a long while, Schenk finally disposing of his man right at the close of the fifth round, after a hard fight. Both boys are clever, and the fighting was clean-cut and fast right from the tap of the gong in the first round until Schenk put his man down and out in the fifth.

Schenk showed throughout the fight that he is a heady fighter, and his superior experience in the ring came in handy at times. He was fighting stronger and better in yesterday's contest than he has in any of his previous mills, and has improved considerably in hitting powers since he drew with "Kid" Page for the 120 pound championship of Missouri and Southern Illinois. Patara has improved wonderfully since his last fight in April with Schenk, in which he was a comparatively easy mark for the latter, and he put up a rattling good fight yesterday.

Patara mixed matters from the start, and during the first round Schenk had to stand a couple of stiff punches in the face and body. Schenk was wise enough to take his time, and he let Patara do a lot of work in this round. For about half of the round it looked as though Patara was going to prove too much for Schenk, but the latter bided his time, and got in two good lefts to the face that jarred his opponent considerably. Patara again held his own in the second round, but Schenk was fighting a clever battle, and he managed to make his left connect with Patara's face now and then in a manner which anything but pleasant to the latter. At the end of the round Patara got in a light blow on the side of the face which caused Schenk to slip to the floor, and Tony's followers apparently thought the battle was already won for their man.

Both were willing to mix matters in the third round, but Schenk was still letting Patara do most of the work and contenting himself with getting in a nasty left jab now and then. Right at the end of the round Schenk got "riled" on account of a stinging right on the side of his face, and went after Patara for all he was worth. The fighting was terrific at this stage, and nearly everybody was cheering at the end.

The pace began to tell on Patara in the fourth round, but he still stood up to his work. Schenk began to vary his attack by uppercutting on the body in this round with telling effect. Patara slipped to the floor just after the round commenced, but got up fresh after taking the count. About the middle of the round Schenk got in a solid left on the side of the jaw, which sent Patara down. The latter again took the count, but Schenk did not follow his man when the latter got up. Patara finished the round strong, with Schenk looking a bit tired. Patara was not as strong as he had been at the close of the preceding round in the fifth.

Schenk continued his play for the side and ribs with his right, but it looked as if the round would go the limit. Schenk got the opening he was looking for eighteen seconds before the end of the round, and first sending his left to the jaw, he followed it up with the right, landing nearly on the point. Patara went down, and was barely able to raise himself on one arm when the count was up. He recovered quickly, however, and left the ring without any assistance. The crowd cheered both fighters.

The fights drew a packed house of about 500 persons a number who arrived late failing to get even standing room. William Zachritz acted as referee.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

A Turkish turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Aftermath of Examination.

FOOTBALL TEAM ENTER-TAINED.

Notes Here and There.

From our Washington Correspondent.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24th.—The past week at the college has been a busy one with both teachers and students, because of the examinations. They came off on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Results were given out on Saturday morning. The number of failures to pass, seems to be greater than usual this term, whether the new regulations had anything to do with it or not, is not yet plain. It is doubtful if they did. The real reason is perhaps because the standard in both examination and recitation work is higher now than formerly. As usual, logic was the stumbling block in the Seniors' way. Only six out of a class of thirteen members passed in that study. It may be interesting to know that had the 8.5 rule remained in effect some of the class would have been exempted from the examination.

Re-examinations are to be held on January 12th, for those having conditions.

The Christmas holidays began Saturday morning. More than half the students are away at their homes or visiting friends. Others are yet to leave.

The only events scheduled for the coming week are Mr. Jones' lecture on Friday night, and the S. N. D. C.'s play, "Little Miss Nobody," Saturday night.

The interclass bowling tournament is to begin to-day.

The members of the football team were entertained by their "Mascot," Miss Nelly S. Fulton, assisted by Mr. A. P. Schell, at his home in the city, on Friday evening last. A guessing contest in which Mr. Norris, '01, was the winner, and conversation occupied the time until 9:45, when the dining-room was thrown open to the company. The table decorations were in buff and blue, and the menu cards, which contained a choice list of good things, were headed thus:

Appetite and Thirst, Fulton Park, December 21st. Admission Glad Hand, Twenty minute halves.

At 11:45 the company dispersed after passing a very pleasant evening.

Miss Fulton has accompanied her uncle, Mr. Schell, on several trips when he went with our team as an official, and by common consent she has been adopted by the teams of 1899 and 1900 as mascot.

Prof. and Mrs. Draper gave their annual reception to Kendall Green friends on Friday from four to six.

Mr. J. A. Tillinghast stopped over at the college for a short time Saturday when on his way home from Cornell University.

The second term will begin with an increase in the number of students. Miss Nellie V. Huyden, '02, is to rejoin her class and Mr. John Friend, ex-'04, is to come back and join the present Introductory Class.

Ye scribe will probably not be able to finish any letter for next week as he expects to be away from college at that time.

R. S. T.

Queer Advertisements.

Annual sale now going on.

Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come in here.

A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

Wanted—A room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long, twenty feet broad.

Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle.

For sale a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up grows, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin.

Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Lost—Near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.

Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.

To be disposed of—A mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head-piece as good as new.

1886

1901

THE DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

WILL

CELEBRATE THEIR 15th ANNIVERSARY

WITH A



All the
Street Cars
Transfer
to this
place

All the
Street Cars
Transfer
to this
place

BALL AT THE "Tuxedo"

Madison Ave. and 59th Street.

Handsome Souvenirs for the Ladies.

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1901

AT NINE O'CLOCK.

Music by Mr. Lester Hirsch.

\$1.00 Each, Including Supper and Wardrobe Check.

You can obtain tickets from our Ball Committee, as follows:—

Chairman F. Simonson, 78 East 81st Street, N. Y.

Moses W. Loew, 10 Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y.

Jacob Keibey, 869 First Avenue, N. Y.

William G. Gilbert, 485 St. John's Place, Brooklyn.

Treasurer S. Frankenheim, 531 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Notice—Positively no tickets will be sold at the door.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape
Photographer . . .
Railway Scenery a
Specialty . . .

We also make
Engravings on Copper
and Zinc from our
own Negatives only.

Livingston, N. J.

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Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

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FIRST ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

AND

BALL

OF THE

DEAF-MUTES' ATHLETIC CLUB.

will be held at

The New York Turn Verein Hall,

The finest, largest, best located, absolutely fire-proof establishment, with all modern improvements, in the city.

Southeast cor. of 85th Street and Lexington Avenue,

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1901

Tickets, 50c. and 75c.

How to reach the Hall:

Third Avenue L. to 84th Street Station.
Third Avenue Trolley to 85th Street.
Lexington Avenue Trolley to 85th Street.
Madison Avenue Trolley to 85th Street.

All crosstown cars of the Metropolitan R. R. Co. give transfers to either the Lexington or the Madison Avenue Lines.

Supper will be furnished for 50 cents each, by the proprietor.

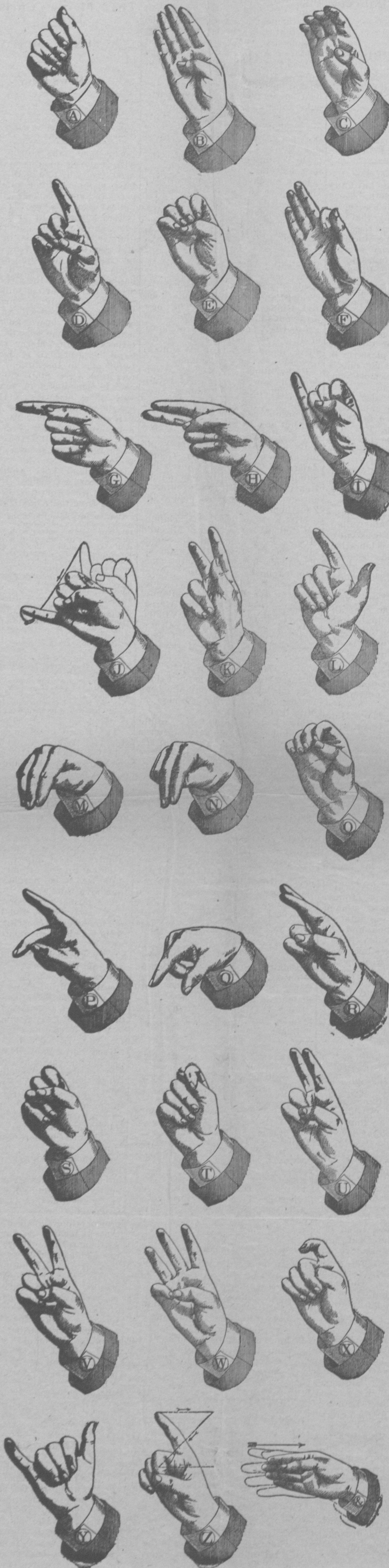
All communications should be addressed to Theo. S. Rose, 2 East 120th Street, New York.

COMMITTEE:

THEO. S. ROSE (Chairman),

HERMAN LAMM, SEYMOUR GOMPRECHT,
HERMAN HEERDT, WILLIAM H. KONKEL.

American Manual Alphabet.



GRAND ANNUAL A SIX PUPIL CLASS

BALL

OF THE

NEW JERSEY
Deaf-Mute Society

FEBRUARY 21, 1901

JACOBY'S HALL,
Newark, N. J.

The Committee,
J. B. WARD, Chairman.

[Particulars later.]

PACH BROS.

Convention Groups
1900

SYRACUSE

Empire State Association.

A—In front of St. Mary's

B—At Long Branch, N. Y.

8x10, 11x14 mount, carbon finish, \$1.00 each

Also, 8x10, plain mount and finish, 75c

BOSTON

New England Callaudet Ass'n.

In front of Massachusetts State

House. Handsome 11x14 Groups

Carbon finish, - \$1.50 | Silver finish, - \$1.25

Plain, by express at purchaser's expense, 1.00

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OR

ALEX. L. PACH, Representative.

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208 East 59th St.,
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ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name,	.35
100 " " "	.50
250 " " "	1.00
50 Cards, without name	.25
100 " " "	.40
200 " " "	.75

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets).	.40
100 " " "	.60

Cash in advance. Stamps accepted
Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries,
or for sample.

GALLAUDET HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

THE carefully prepared plans for the new building on the old site, to be fire-proof and adapted to the needs of fifty inmates, each having a separate room, call for \$48,400 to complete the structure with its inside wood and iron work. The Building Fund now amounts to \$48,150.38. Ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars more will be needed for heating, plumbing, lighting and incidentals. Much work has been accomplished, but the building will not be finished before next Summer.

Donations may be sent to:—

Mr. Walter S. Komeys, Treasurer, 7 East 62d Street, New York City.

Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Mr. F. L. Selney, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason, Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,

General Manager of

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, incorporated in 1872, the Society to which the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes belongs.

THE AKOULALION

IS BEING USED IN THE
PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION
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AN EVENING OF FUN

FISHING POND

Every baited hook
Catches a "Fish."

GIVEN BY THE
Guild of Silent Workers

IN THE GUILD ROOM OF

St. Ann's Church

148th Street, W. of Amsterdam Ave.

Thursday, Jan. 17, 1901

AT 8 P.M.

Tickets, including refreshments, 25c.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

IN THE

GUILD ROOM

OF

St. Ann's Church

(for Deaf-Mutes)

ON

Thursday, Dec. 27, 1900.

ADMISSION - - - - - 25 cents.

Ladies are requested to donate cake.

MRS. W. BUHLE,

Committee.

Groups

OR SINGLE PICTURES

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